

NO SPARE ROOM

By LILLIAN MACDONALD
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WFO Service

"NE thing does make me happy," said little Mrs. Lane. "That's fortunate," said Simon, her husband. "What is it?"

"That we simply can't entertain relatives from the country. We literally couldn't put them up."

Simon took his pipe out of his mouth, looked solemnly around the 20 by 14 living room, and said:

"I might try 'em in the bathroom, but that's all."

"Never," said his wife who was nice but not overburdened with a sense of humor. "No—we're safe. You see, I have six sons, four cousins, seven uncles, two perfectly nice but somewhat grandmothers and grandfathers, a mother and father, they're all large eaters."

"Say no more. I understand," warned Simon, who was laughing a picture.

"No, but couldn't," said his wife.

"His wife gently tilted it and put her head to one side. "This unpacking is awful. I'm hungry again already."

Simon sighed, vanished into the kitchenette and produced a delicious chicken, potatoes and a bottle of beer.

"The bell rang vociferously."

Simon rose, wiped off chicken fingers and went to the door.

"Simon," his wife heard (she'd had presence of mind to dash for the bathroom with the remnants of food, and hide).

"How you've grown! I simply never would have known you. And married!"

I must see your wife. I hope she is worthy of you for you were always such a good sensible boy."

Patrons hugging and audible kisses followed. Mrs. Warren, her hands vigorously, removed a black spot from her nose and hastily powdered it. Then she dipped to the door, holding fast to the handle.

"Hilda!" shouted Simon.

She entered to find the room usurped by the largest person she'd ever seen in her life.

Hilda smiled and came forward with hands outstretched.

"I am Simon's great-aunt Matilda Warren," said the lady. "I heard you were in town and so I made an appointment with my dentist (I have to get a new plate) and I just know you'll love to have me for a few days, until he gets through."

Hilda strove to master a groan.

"I'm terribly sorry but we have only one room. You see Simon is not rich, yet. He and I just managed this little place, which is cunning for two, but we eat and sleep and live and work, all in this little room."

"Have you no kitchen?" said the guest. Her tone sounded menacing, somehow, but it might have been innocent.

"Simon, come show Mrs. Warren the kitchen!" in a stifled voice from poor Hilda.

"A closet that's all it is! Ridiculous try and keep healthy in such a small way. Dr. have you no bathroom?"

"You show her the bathroom," in a quavering voice from Simon.

"Um, a nice big tub. Now, children, it seems to me I could make myself right comfortable in that bathtub for the few days Doctor Jones will take to fix my plate. Now, just don't say a word. I'll take my blankets I always take around with me for fear I can never tell if hotels and boarding houses are really clean and sanitary. I always take two blankets and I've this nice steamer rug, used when poor Uncle Warren was alive, and we went to Europe (dear, how sick I was!)"

Well, we'll fix it for her. Here, she opened her suitcase and threw out the formidable but spotless blankets, a Navajo rug, the steamer rug and assorted pillows.

"You just get me a light dinner, a steak (only one it's thick) and a few potatoes and cauliflower and some nice oranges and cake (I only want a light dinner) will do fine! I'll help you with the rest of your unpacking and seem to me you might have done without a piano until you had a bigger apartment and then you could have had the stove outside that closet and been better able to keep house; but I guess you will be able to manage."

Hilda, you might give me a tuna, something lively, and I will fix that steak myself as soon as Simon brings it in. I'm never so happy as when I'm cooking a good dinner. She stopped, breathless, while Hilda merely gasped.

"But Aunt Matilda, there really isn't room. You'd be most frightfully uncomfortable. You couldn't sleep in the bathroom, possibly. Really you couldn't. It might drip and give you rheumatism."

"Now just you leave everything to me. I'll fix everything and here is a nickel, for I must find the exact time from Doctor Jones about my plate."

Somehow she swept the hapless couple aside, and found the telephone.

"Where'd you put the nickel?" she cried.

"It's not a nickel telephone," said Hilda. "Call anyone you want."

"Telephone service goes with the rent, I suppose. I've heard of it. It's not to feel you won't be out of pocket by my stay, anyway."

Simon looked at Hilda, speechless. He had his great aunt's hand in his pocket at her blankets. "Sh! Sh! Sh! If you mark them! I don't believe for

people are always so good-natured and their great aunt is more than all my relatives put together. "Doctor Jones says he'll fix it all within a couple of days," said she. "Now let's get busy. I don't like this dull brown paper and those pictures look awful queer to me. What are they?"

"Japanese prints," murmured Hilda, almost for no reason. "They look like a good American picture is good enough for me. Heavens, they look like they were painted by a Japanese. Why not try and sell them for a few cents and get a good several line soap with a few nice ones, or a little girl's head?"

"We like them, Mrs. Warren, and perhaps as you are good enough to think you can get something for two dollars in a bathtub, you won't mind our keeping our prints where they are."

"Keep what you like, my dear, only I think it makes people depressed and queer when they live with queer things, that's all."

"Where is she?" whispered Simon, entering with the ingredients for the "right meal."

"In the bathroom making her bed. I simply won't make up beds in bathrooms, but I'll be responsible for the barbarians." As Simon looked a trifle hurt, she drew to him and putting her arms around his neck whispered, "I'm sorry. But our scheme for no space there was a success."

"I forgot Aunt Matilda. She only comes to town for her plate about every four years, but that's all. Any way, she will stay only one night. I'll see to it."

"But how, Simon? We can't murder her. Nothing else would get her out."

"Listen. When I was a kid I walked in my sleep."

"Well?"

"I might get up early and turn on the shower."

Hilda gasped. "Oh, Simon, you might. It might kill her!"

"You don't know Great Aunt Matilda. I do."

"Stones Reveal Viking Visit to Minnesota in Year 1362"

Belief that a tribe of ancient Norsemen visited this territory in the fourth century was voiced by F. T. Gustavson, Pequot, Minn., nationally known anthropologist, after a study of several stones at Monument Lake, near Detroit Lakes, Minn., known as the "Norse Anchor Stones."

A letter from the Pequot, Gustavson declared that the rune inscription on the famous Kensington Runestone fits their theory. The inscription reads: "Eight Goths and 22 Norwegians on expedition—journey from Vinland outward. We had camp by two shores one day—journey north from this place. We sailed one day. When we returned home we found ten men dead with blood and death. Aye, Marie. Save from evil! Have ten of our party by the sea to look after our ships in 14 days. Journey from this island. Year 1362."

University of Virginia requests to accept application of Negro student for enrollment in law school.

Many from here plan to attend Lynchburg fair.

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Install Officers

Installation services for grade junior league officers were held on Friday, September 20, in the Appomattox high school auditorium.

The program:

Song: "America the Beautiful."

Speech: Work of the junior league.

Speech: By the president, Harold Cawthorn.

Speech: By the secretary, Margaret Babcock.

Speech: By the treasurer, Helen Smith.

Speech: By the public relations officer, H. H. Caldwell.

Speech: By the membership officer, Elizabeth Jamerson.

Speech: By the entertainment officer, Alma Ferguson.

Speech: By the publicity officer, Miss Mary Butts.

Speech: By the music director, Miss Kate Franklin.

Speech: By the reporter, Garland Morris.

Speech: By the secretary, Miss Flora Bell.

Speech: By the treasurer, Ralph Irving.

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